Which breathd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots; take but my ſh
And I reſigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tenne times bard vp Cheſt,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command;
Which ſince we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life ſhall anſwere it)
At *Couentrie* vpon Saint *Lambards* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home all armes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutcheſſe of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodſtocks blood,
Doth more ſolicite me, then your exclaimes,

To ſtirre againſt the Butch
But ſince correction lyeth i
Which made the fault that
Put wee our quarrell to the
Who when they ſee the hov
Will raine hot vengeance
Dutcheſſe. Finds Brothe
Hath loue in thy old blood
Edwards ſeauen Sonnes, wh
Were ſeauen Viols of his
Or ſeauen faire branches ſp
Some of thoſe ſeauen are d
Some of thoſe Branches by
But *Thomas* my deare Lord
One Violl full of *Edwards*
One flouriſhing Branch of
Is crack, and all the precio
Is hackt downe, and his Su
By *Enuies* hand, and Murd
Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was th
That mettall, that ſelfe mo
Made him a man: and thou
Yet art thou ſlaine in him;
In[illegible]e large meaſure to th
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretc
Who was the modell of thy
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*,
[illegible]ering thus thy Broth
ſhew eſt the naked pa
[illegible]erne Murder h
hat which in meane men
Is pale cold Cowardice in N
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafega
ay is, to venge n
Gods is the quar
tie annoynted in
uſd his death; the
eauen reuenge, for I